

Good Newes from the North,

Truly relating how about a hundred of the *Scottish* Rebels, intending to plunder the house of *M. Thomas Pudsey* (at *Stapleton* in the Bishoprick of *Durham*.) Were set upon by a troupe of our horsemen, under the conduct of that truly valorous gentleman *Leutenant Smith*, *Leutenant* to noble *Sr. John Digby*; thirty nine of them (whereof some were men of quality) are taken prisoners, the rest all slaine except foure or five which fled, whereof two are drowned. The names of them taken is inserted in a list by it selfe. This was upon Friday about fore of the clock in the morning, the eighteenth day of this instant September, 1640.

The tune is, *King Henry going to Enlaine.*



All you who with prosperity,
To our King and Country,
and their confusion which false hearted be,
Here is some newes (to cheare your hearts,)
Lately from the Northern parts,
A of brave exploits perform'd with courage free.

The Scots (there in possession,
Almost beyond expression,
afflict the people in outrageous wise;
Besides their lawance (which is much)
The cruelty of them is such,
that all they find they take as lawfull prize.

Sheepe, Oxen, Kine, and Horses,
Their quotidian course is,
to dye away where ever them they finde;
Money plate and such good geres,
From the Houses far and neere, (mind,
they haue away even what doth please thei,

But theirs an ancient adage,
Or used in this mad age,
the Witcher goes so often to the Well;
that it comes broken home at last,
So they for all their knavery past, (fine'll
shall rue ere long though yet with pride they

As this our present glooy,
(To the deserved glooy
of them who were the actors in this play.)
Woe you shall a relish gibe,
Of what (if heaven let us live;)
will come to passe which is our foes decay.

These rebels use to pillage,
In every country Village,
and are listed round up and downs;
But now at last the Hardy Scot,
With a Friday's breakfast got,
few of such feasts will pull their courage down.

At foure o' the clock i'th morning,
(Let all the rest take warning)
about a hundred of these rebels came;
To *M. Pudsey's* house where they,
were sure account to have a prey,
for their intention was to rob the same.

Of no danger thinking,
To eating and to drinking,
the Scots did fall, but sure they said no grace,
For there they eat and drank their last,
With ill successe they broke their fast,
most of them to digest it had no space.

An English troope not farre thence,
Hav (it seems) intelligence
of these bad guests at *Spenser Pudsey's* house,
And with all speed to *Stapleton*,
With great courage they rode on,
while Jocky was drinking his last carouse.

The house they did beleaguer
And like to Lions eager,
they fell upon the Scots pell-mell so fast,
That in a little space of time,
Both Rebels fall our men did clime,
They paid them for their insolencies past.



In these the brave Lieutenant,
With his men valiant,
To play their parts against the daring foes,
That quickly they had cause to say,
That meat must have some sauce a'way,
For indeed they found to all their woes.

Thirty nine are prisoners taine,
And all the rest on right and line,
Except some score or five that ran away,
And two of those (as some alledge)
Were blown'd in passing o're Crofts bridge,
Forer they were pursu'd they durst not stay.

Of them who are in durance
(Under good assurance)
Some officers and men of quality,
Among them are 'tis manifest,
To them who will pursue the List,
Wherein their names are set down orderly.

Thus worthy Smith his valour,
With showne unto the dole,
Of these proud Rebels, which with subtle

Came as in zeals and nothing else,
But now dears bought experience tells
That were but faire pretences to beguile's.

But th'end of their intention
Is if (with circumbentation)
They can make us beleve what they pretend,
They'll hold us on with faised words,
And make us loath to hate our foes,
To worke our ruine, that's their chiefe end.

But God I trust will quickly
Heale our Kingdome sickly,
To long indeed sick of credulity;
And heir blind eyes illuminate,
Who bring this danger to the state,
By trusting to a friend-like enemy.

He daily pray and hourly,
As it doth in my power lye, (success,
To him by whom things reigne; that with
King Charles goe on and prosper may,
And (having made the Scoes away)
Rule o're his Lands in peace and happinesse

18 Septemb. 1640 being
Fryday morning.

At Stapleton 3 miles beyond
Pearce bridge wee met with the
Scots at 4 of the Clocke in the
morning at Master Pudseys house
in the Bishopricke of Durham,
at breakfast, when wee made our
skirmish. Lieutenant Smith had
the day, five or six of them escap-
ed by Croft bridge, where they
make their Randevous,
the prisoners that were taken, are
these that follow, viz.

1 Sir Archibald Douglass,
Sergeant Maior to Collonel.
2 James Ramsay.
3 John Leirmouth, Lieutenant to

Captaine Ayton.

4 Hupper Corner to the Maior
Englasse.

5 Ia. Ogley, Sarjeant to the said
Major.

6 Patricke Vamplogie troupe.

7 James Colvildell.

8 James Levingston.

9 Hector Mackemish.

10 John Cowde.

11 John Hench.

12 Alexander Paxton, wounded.

13 William Ridge.

14 David Buens wounded.

15 Adam Bonnyer.

16 Rob. Ferrony.

17 Io. Milverton.

18 David Borres.

19 Rob. Leisley.

20 Ia. Ramsay.

21 Allen Duckdell a dutch boy
wounded.

22 Alexander Fordingham.

23 Io. Castricke.

24 Allen Levingston.

25 George Harres.

26 Andrew Townes.

27 Robert Watts.

28 Alexander Watts.

29 William Anderson.

30 Io. Layton.

31 Alex. Dick.

32 Patricke Cranny.

33 William Simpson.

34 Tho. Husband neere dead.

35 Io. Hill.

36 Thomas Ferley.

37 Andrew Whitehall.

38 James Vianley.

FINIS M.P.